

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions:

Never before Printed.

Me quoque dicunt

Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.

Virg:

Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see

Thinks what nev'r was, nor is, nor ev'r will be.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

SHREWSBURY Printed by Tho. Denson, for
the Author. MDCCXXVII.

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The PREFACE.

I HOPE all my BENEFACTORS who have been so generous to contribute to this *Miscellany* will not with their Money resign their Indulgence to the *Author*; but candidly forgive what Faults they may discover, whether committed thro' Impropriety of Thought, Style, or Inadvertency. I know unreasonable Expectations are generally succeeded by excessive Disappointments: Yet I flatter my self that the Assurance I here give my FRIENDS of this being the last Time I ever design to be publicly troublesome, will prove a successful Expedient to excite their utmost good Nature at Parting.

BUT I am engag'd in a far greater Difficulty out of which it is impossible mannerly to extricate my self: for tho' I could die to testify my Gratitude, 'tis attempting Impossibilitys to go about to proportion my Thanks to the Merits of my kind FRIENDS
who

who have by their Interest and Intercession gain'd
 me my present Complement of *Subscriptions*. FRIENDS
 indeed! who have thought my hard Fortune in the
 World Merit sufficient to make them my *ADVO-*
CATES. Some GENTLEMEN and LADIES who
 have been pleas'd to subscribe extraordinarily, will
 I hope, suffer me with thankful Submission to ac-
 knowledge their unmerited Favours, in this my Ad-
 dress to my FRIENDS of the first *Rate*. And in
 general Terms I am thankful to every particular
 SUBSCRIBER. The protracted Tryal impos'd on
 their Patience, as well as my own, was entirely owing
 to the dilatory Proceedings of a *Printer*, out of
 whose Hands I was oblig'd to recall my Copy, and
 employ another, in Hopes of retrieving my sinking
 Reputation: And to make Amends for the Delay I
 have added some Poems not promis'd in my Pro-
 posals in Hopes of prevailing with my FRIENDS
 to allow, if they have not a good Bargain, I have
 (in the Phrase of the Country) made 'em a lumping
 Pennyworth

Pennyworth. I doubt not but they will gladly excuse my not prefixing their Names to this Performance, lest thereby they might be expos'd to Censure for encouraging a Piece not worth their Notice; which would be too severe a Punishment, added to that of Parting with their Mony for a Trifle.

THE *Poems* inscrib'd to the *Lord Lansdowne* were occasion'd thro' a friendly Recommendation I had to him when he was *Secretary at War*, but will no more be a Proof of my being bigotted to one Party; than my Panegyrick to *Sir Thomas Hanmer* can witness I was to the other; which in some Measure took it's Rise from my Misfortunes, but more from his opposing the *Court-Party*, for the Benefit of his Country, when the lowering the Dutys of Goods imported from *France* were put to a Vote about the Time of the Peace concluded in the *late Reign*.

BUT 'tis well for me that I have conceal'd the real Name of *ALMIRA*; for had I not, the Indignation of the Ingenious World would have justly pursu'd me

me for drawing so imperfect a Copy, from such a finish'd and incomparable an Original.

WHOEVER dislikes my *Poem in Praise of Poverty*, let him remember, that many a Man commends a *Woman* he would not willingly have for a *Wife*. The Piece of *Burlesque* being written when I was a Lad must consequently be childish; and contains in it more Matter of Fact than *Poetry*, which induc'd some of my *Subscribers* acquainted therewith to insist of it's Publication; otherwise by my good Will it should never seen such broad *Day-Light*. The few Blunders of the Press I hope will be excus'd, since they are what will unavoidably happen in the *Author's* Absence where there is no accomplish'd Corrector.

BUT 'tis Time for me to conclude since a small Building should not have a large Perch; and 'tis seldom a Cottage has any: when you enter mine you'll see how ill furnish'd it is; for there you may probably find a Block to stumble on, but not one Chair to sit you down in.

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Errata.

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 for *Foy* r. *Joys*. p. 50. L. 7 caret (.) *ib.* L. 14 insert
 the word all, between you and farewel. p. 51 L 16
 caret (.) p. 52. L. 1 for *Confidents* r. *Confidents*. p. 58
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leathern. p. 65 L 6 for *froth* twice read fro th'
 p. 70 L 11 *deleyou* after in.



A Poem in Praise of Poverty.

Quis dives? Qui nil cupiat. Quis pauper? Avarus.

WHY do the giddy Multitude despise
 And shun the State wherein true Knowledge lies?
 Why do they flee thee like enchanted Ground
 In whom no real Ill was ever found?
 Truth they contemn; Uncertainties believe;
 And are best pleas'd with what will most deceive!
 They court the Shadow, whilst the Substance dies;
 All would be happy, but not one be wise!

EXAMINE well the Source of humane Woes,
 You'll find that Man destroys his own Repose:

And since in ev'ry State of Life we see
 Or more, or less of Infelicity,
 Tell me a better State than *Poverty*.

V I E W the sublimest Pinacle of State
 Pomp's all a Burden ! Grandeur's all a Cheat !
 The best of *KINGS* wears his own Courtiers Chains,
 And but the Shell of *MAJESTY* remains.
 The Sweets and Bitters of a humane Life,
 Are oft contracted in one Word a Wife :
 In which the *KING* the Beggar supercedes,
 And ev'r he marries has his Choice of Brides :
 Whilst he that sways the Sceptre, fills the Throne,
 Sees but with other Eyes, and not his own :
 They bring a *Foreign Princess* to his Bed
 By *Picture* courted, and by *Proxy* wed.
 Who would this one Prerogative resign,
 In costly Robes, and precious Gems to shine ?
 THE *Courtiers* of each others jealous are,
 And under specious Smiles are brooding War :
 They

They plot, contrive, deceive and undermine ;

And always at another's Luck repine.

Nay he who most partakes the *Regal Ear*

Stands but on Glafs ; has very much to fear :

For he who in one Reign is foremost fix'd,

Is but preparing for a Fall the next.

WE view him then who ne'er to Court resorts,

But chiefly spends his Time in Country Sports,

With nimble *Beagles* he the *Hare* pursues,

The flutt'ring *Partridge* with his Net subdues,

His Gun prevents the wav'ring *Woodcock's* Flight,

And *Trouts* of *Foats* a Piece he tempts to bite.

This Life we think replete with Innocence

When view'd but with a superficial Glance ;

But when you find that *Dogs* and *Fowls* and *Hares*

Disturb his Sleep, and steal into his Pray'rs ;

A Gin of Brass his Charity destroys,

And if poor Puss is hang'd th' Offender flies :

When he more Zealously defends the Game

Than Orphan's Property, or Widow's Claim :

When you may in his Presence safely swear,
 But pay the Rhino if you shoot the Hare ;
 I'd rather be with *Poverty*, beset
 Than such a partial Race-brain'd Profligate.

SAYS he, who knows the Eloquence of Gold
 Your Tale is but impertinently told :
 Meanly the Poor on *Faith* and *Hope* relies,
 Whilst thro' relentless *Charity* he dies.
 Not so when I my Banner shall display,
 Both old and young will my Commands obey :
 For me the Brave will resolutely fight ;
 The Laws possess me of another's Right ;
 For me the Son the Father's Death conspire,
 And from young Master Sprout into *Esquire* :
 More wonderful Effects are still behind,
 It dims the quickest Eye, and guides the blind :
 To such vile Ends as these is Wealth employ'd
 That Man by Man's continually destroy'd ;
 Not all the Indies' wealth can ev'r atone
 For half the barb'rous Ills that Gold has done.

Could

Could Man indiff'rently be rich, or great,
 And not enslave his Mind to his Estate;
 Then from his Wealth Conveniences would flow,
 Which otherwise depress, and make him low:
 Man's Avarice increases with his Store,
 And when he has Abundance longs for more.
 He idolizes what he should enjoy,
 And starves in Plenty most ingloriously:
 His Fears of loosing hourly break his Rest,
 He dreams of Robbers, when he sleeps his best.
 Tell but an Usurer of four *per Cent*,
 And you intirely murder his Content.
 Smooth are the Waves that beat on Poverty
 Compar'd with such a rough and boist'rous Sea.

M A N will not his own Happiness pursue
 But oft o'er runs it, when it is in View:
 This true Assertion Thousands testify
 Who might at Home both Peace and Health enjoy;
 Subdue the rugged Temper of the Soul,
 And it's Excesses easily controul;

With wholesome Labour, frugal *Poverty*
 Live here with Comfort, and with Pleasure die ;
 Yet rather than restrict a stubborn Mind
 They trust themselves to *Ships* and *Waves* and *Wind*.
 But when the warring Elements engage,
 And the rous'd Ocean boils into a Rage ;
 When dreadful Heav'n's Artillery does play,
 And Storms proclaim the Horror of the Day ;
 When swift as Lightning flies, the Ship mounts high
 And darts her Mast into a starless Sky ;
 Immers'd in Waves comes tumbling down again,
 And plunges to the Bottom of the Main :
 Then when too late, they wish themselves on Shore,
 And to be safe would willingly be *Poor* ;
 When there's no Room to hope, no Land to save,
 But each one sinks alive into his Grave ;
 And Death in Triumph rides on ev'ry Wave.

WHAT others in the rugged Ocean find
 The *Home-bred Trader* carries in his Mind :

From

From *Debter* he to *Creditor* is tost ;

Incessantly in Fear, and often lost.

Not *Scylla*, nor *Charybdis* ever bore,

A Dread proportion'd to these Rocks on shore.

Nay he whose Conduct prudently has made

A Truce'twixt these stupendious Rocks of Trade

Detraction secretly oft wounds *his* Fame

And basely casts an Odium on his Name.

SAD is their State (view'd with impartial Eyes)
Who trade in nothing *Wholesale* but in Lyes :
Who for each *Ounce*, or *Pound*, or *Yard* they sell
Renew their Earnest to embark for Hell.

PHYSICIAN'S Practice, Lawyer's Barrettry
Let them dissect who ever gave a Fee :
Whilst I shall to the busy *Farms* repair,
Those ancient Seats of our Forefather's Care ;
A state once worthy of a Prince's Toil ;
But now transform'd to an unpleasant Soil !
Oppression totally has dispossess'd,
Joys once familiar to the rural Breast ;

Pan's Altars with his *Vor'ries* are destroy'd
 To feed their *Landlords* Luxury and Pride!
 No tuneful Lays breath thro' the neighbouring Wood,
 But all's a melancholy Solitude!
Shepherds have neither Hearts nor Time to sing,
 Nor *Country Maids* to touch the trembling String.
 Unanimously, justly they complain
Toil without Profit gives us constant Pain!
 Who would not struggle his Estate to shun
 Who must work hard, nay slave to be undone?
 To raise his Rents he sells his choicest Grain,
 And for his Landlord's Use his Cows are slain:
 Nay if a Calf but die h'as Cause to fear
 He cannot raise the Rent to quit the Year;
 If one unlucky Hen but lay away
 The Egg is missing when he comes to pay.
 He's so embarrass'd with excessive Rent,
 That he's an utter Stranger to Content:
 And as an unskill'd *Fidler* wounds the Ear
 With Discord, and uninterrupted Jarr,

We Patience feign, that by some String ov'r-strain'd
Our Freedom at his Cost may be regain'd:

So fares it with the Man whose Rent exceeds

In Value what he sows, and what he breeds;

He frets until his *Landlord* breaks his Stock

And from his Ears removes the bleating Flock:

Then next to Providence he trusts his Spade,

(Whereby his Days are calm and easy made)

With which he gladly earns, then eats his Bread,

Sings to his Work, and whistles to his Bed.

He finds in *Poverty* Content is stor'd

Which all his pristine Days could nev'r afford.

SINCE from these various Springs of Life does flow

No real Joy, but much substantial Woe;

Come *Poverty*, come take me to thy Arms

And hide me from the busy World's Alarms:

Let me with thee in some mean Cottage dwell,

Or (if to thee more grateful) in a Cell.

Let thy Fair *Handmaids* each advance their song,

For ever *Virgins*, and for ever young.

I know they can instruct and make me wise,
 And teach me from Adversity to rise
 To such a State of lasting Happiness
 That none can in Mortality possess.
 Oh TRUTH (tho' poor) how charming is thy Voice?
 Man's best Companion once in Paradise?
 How full of native Strength does thou maintain
 And gain the Cause where Thousands have been slain?
 How oft has thy plain Dress and honest Face,
 Righted the poor, and giv'n the rich Disgrace?
 Thou nev'r deceives when chosen for a Friend,
 Because thou acts with no sinister End:
 This knows the fawning Sycophant (that waits
 Silly to sooth and flatter great Estates.)
 No Residence thou hast beneath the Sky
 But what thou finds with Men as poor as I.
 When peaceful TEMPERANCE begins to play,
 Health to Mankind rebounds from ev'ry Lay:
 Her Vor'ties sure are well rewarded, when
 They 're young and gay at fourscore Years and ten.
When

When CHASTITY her fairest Offspring sings
Cupid dejected hangs his sickly Wings :

Much she dispairs, yet gladly would reclaim

Those who to Lust have sacrific'd their Fame ;

With fond Attention the unsporting Young

Sign to her Laws, and listen to her Song.

How pow'rful are the Charms of INNOCENCE ?

They are their own delightful Recompence.

Oh lovely Virtue ! Fountain of Content !

The first Good known ! The Soul's best Ornament !

For whosoever secures thee for his own,

May in a loathsome Dungeon find a Throne.

PATIENCE (thou Reason's Alchymist) refine

My stubborn Will, and model it to thine.

Say how shall I unwearied, fearless go

Thro' Summer's scorching Heat, and Winter's Snow ?

Teach me to smoothe my Brow when Storms arise,

And keep my Temper in the worst Surprise :

And

And that my Happiness may be compleat
 As Earth and *Poverty* can make my State,
 Adapt my Mind to my allotted Fate,
 How grateful then to my calm Soul will be
 Th' instructive Lectures of HUMILITY?

Thro' all Vicissitudes I still shall find
 A little Heaven dwelling in my Mind :
 Then Envy, Discontent, corroding Care,
 May seek in vain for Habitation there.

LET him remember who contemns my Choice
 That very little Nature will suffice ;
 That tho' a ragged Garment cloaths my Skin,
 Content, and Peace, and Safety dwell within :
 That Surfeits often lurk where great Men dine,
 That Thousands in the midst of Plenty pine :
 If this will not prevail to bring him ov'r
 Tell him his SAVIOUR out of Choice was poor.
 Who dares despise a Blessing when it's given ?
 Gold Comes from Earth, but *Poverty* from Heaven.

A Pastoral Dialogue on the Death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bath : inscrib'd to the Honourable George Granville Esquire now Lord Lansdowne.

MENALCAS. MELIBEUS.

MENALCAS.

AH Melibeus! why a wither'd Garland round thy Brow?
Why do Tears thy Cheeks bedew?

Sure Pan deserves some other Offering,

Some other Wellcome to the Spring:

This blasted Yew

(Fit only sorrow to renew,)

By all should now forsaken be.

How ill does this agree

When ev'ry other Tree

By it's own beauteous Nature weaves a Shade

Of verdant Leaves and fragrant Blossoms made?

Where Flora's spangl'd Train

Ov'r-spreads the Plain,

And Birds their tuneful Throats employ,

To make us Harmony:

There

There sit we *Swains*, close shelter'd from the burning Day;

(And on our merry Reeds we play)

Till stealing Slumbers on our Temples wait ;

Then our declining Heads

Chuse flow'ry Banks for Beds,

Whilst rural Maids string Flow'rs

And skillfully our Garlands pink and set

With Jessamin and Violet ;

Wake us, and warn us of approaching Show'rs.

This is our blest Estate ;

And thus we live :

We envy not the Great ;

We Pleasure in it's Innocence receive ;

Whilst round our Flocks seem fat and strong,

Our Ewes bear Twins

And frisk it like their young :

But yours neglected wand'ring here and there

Like feeble sickly Flocks appear ;

And

And ev'n before the Summer well begins

Let fall their Wool :

Your tender Lambs

Unnourish'd by their Dams

Grow faint and dull ;

Whilst others die

Beside the Numbers that the Wolves destroy.

MELIBEUS

BEGONE *Menalcas* ! Prithee do. Begone !

Let me alone.

Let Flocks pursue their Course, go where they please ;

I'm most at Ease

Whilst here alone

In silent Sorrow I bemoan,

The young * *Alexis* dead and gone.

On him here I

My active Thoughts employ,

Who was too ripe to live, and young to die :

* *Alexis Earl of Bath.*

Elyhan

Elysian Shades enjoy him in his Bloom,
 And Death was paid just sixty Years too soon!
 Alexis! who so oft by * STREPHON warn'd,
 STREPHON the Joy of each approaching Day!
 STREPHON who taught us Shepherds first to play,
 STREPHON whose tuneful Voice could human
 Passions raise!

Not Men alone but Gods he Could inspire!

Apollo hurl'd away his Lyre!

Like to a Foe alarm'd surpriz'd was he

To hear the Pipe made full

Of charming Musick echoing from the Reed

Which heretofore was dull!

Here Hearts will bleed

To think how ill he did succeed

When Night and Day

He to ALEXIS did display

* *Strephon Lord Lansdowne.*

The

The dang'rous Paths of Popularity ;
 How ill they would agree,
 With one like him good natur'd, and too kind !
 But ripe *ALEXIS* (eager to receive
 The pompous Joys that City Courts could give)
 Forsook our simple Pleasures ; shun'd our Fields ;
 Whilst gentle Winds made Sighs thro' ev'ry Grove,
 And told the Shepherds Love.
 He like the early Summer's Pride
 By Lightning blasted ; or by Winds destroy'd
 Is now no more :
 No, he has cross'd the Shore
 Which brought him to those happy Shades
 Where Sorrow never never Rest invades ;
 There needs no Shepherd's Skill
 To fructify, or till ;
 They're always beautiful and always fair
 No thick'ning Clouds ingend'ring Storms appear

To scatter Sickness thro' the Air;
 Nothing but everlasting Pleasure's there.

MENALCAS

COULD STREPHON then no more persuade

But thus are we

Involv'd in Grief and Misery?

And has these City Joys so soon betray'd?

Is dear ALEXIS ravish'd from our Eyes?

Oh sad Surprise!

Is he already number'd with the dead

Whose blooming Promises ov'rcame

And ravish'd ev'ry wond'ring Swain?

How could he be misl'd?

Ah now I too too late perceive

What Sickness rages in a crowded Town!

Who would believe what hidden Surfeits lie

To pull the Young, the Gay, the Healthful down?

Melibens

MELIBEUS

I TOLD you the unerring *Strepbon* heretofore
Expos'd the dang'rous Consequence:

But Stars will have their Influence!

Or else no Doubt if he

Ov'r the Malignancy

Had gain'd the Victory,

With Joy he would have quit the boist'rous shore;

Then who but STREPHON could our Joys rehearse

(In tuneful everlasting Verse)

To see him come

To his beloved Home,

Extol the Crook, rake up the Pipe and play,

And all the City's dang'rous Ills expose,

Declare them Foes

To his Tranquillity?

Him then we should enjoy,

For he would prove as constant as the Day,

His Years harmoniously would slide away,
 His silver Hairs would witness no Decay.
 But these are fruitless Hopes! Delusions all!
 Since none can him recall

Go mourn like me;
 Chuse such another blasted Tree:
 And caution ev'ry Youthful Swain that passes by
 To arm himself against Futurity.
 Whenever STREPHON tunes his skillful Voice
 Bid him attend the Plain:
 He'll charm him to Instruction, and can teach
 Not only like ALEXIS how to reach
 The blest *Elysian Shades*; but how he may
 Live here and suffer no Decay,
 Till Age and Honour with Success
 Convey him to eternal Happiness.

An Ode to my LORD LANSDOWNE on his
 Creation to that Honour.

ARISE my Muse! and with a grateful Song
 Delight the old, and charm the young.

What

What Pen can cease to write?

What Tongue can cease to sing

When ANNA does indite?

When her unerring Judgment gives the Theme

Who can withhold their Offering?

Tho' Art and Nature were combin'd

To modelize a Song to feast the Mind ;

No ampler Subject can Invention give

Than where true Merit does a just Reward receive

GREAT ANNA knew your Worth too well to pause,

Your Merit both did plead and gain your Cause :

What you have long deserv'd you now possess,

What we have long desir'd you now enjoy ;

This forms a general Happiness,

This fills us with Felicity.

If there were not both Night and Day

Phabus unthank'd for would his Beams display :

The Moon and Stars that rule the Night

Make us admire his purer Light.

SUFFICIENT Merit was a just Pretence,

But you had still another Claim,

GRANVILLE and EANSLOWNE heretofore were
one united Name:

Thence you derive one Influence

Beside the many you your self contain.

From this Day forward while the Sun gives Light,

And Moon and Stars denote the Night,

May no unhappy Fate eclipse the Line,

But may it shine

Till Time unhinge the Poles and terminate.

That coming Ages may enjoy

The same from yours, that we from you receive;

That when you reach a blest Eternity

Your Virtues and your Name may live.

IF ev'ry PEER MY LORD like You

Our CHURCH and CONSTITUTION knew,

What Numbers could describe our happy State

And all her worthy PATR'OTS celebrate?

Had

Had all like *GRANVILLE* loyal been
 No sad Distractions had the Nation seen:
BRITANNIA's Hands had never been imbru'd
 In her own *GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN*'s Blood:
 Muse veil that Crime with penitential Tears
 Where so much Horror, so much Guilt appears;
 Guilt, black as when th'ambitious Angels fell
 From the celestial Paradise to Hell!

BUT now (blest'd be the Powers divine!)
 Our *SOVEREIGN*'s Virtues may securely shine:
 Let our submissive Thanks be given;

Let our abundant Joys

Ascend the Skies;

From thence

(With happy Influence) .

May they ascend to Heaven!

May Angels sent from the celestial Choir

Protect and guard her sacred Throne;

Around the same

Let there be one true Branch of ev'ry Name

Who firmly, bravely stood

By injur'd Majesty,

To shew their Loyalty ;

Regardless of their Fortune and their Blood.

Beyond the Pow'r of Envy to deny

One *GRANVILLE* with his Blood has seal'd this Claim ;

And Loyalty impress'd upon the Name.

Your Wisdom joyn'd to this demands a Seat

For you, amongst the Noble and the Great

Merit to dignify :

And Time will make this still more amply known

When you enjoy one other Title justly call'd your own.

*The distress'd Muse with a Panegyrick to SIR THO-
MAS HANMER : written in the Year 1713.*

A BARD oppress'd with Woe his Muse forsook ;
Shun'd each inspiring Grove, each chrystal Brook :

Exchang'd

Exchang'd his *Phæbus* and his genial Lights
 For gloomy Caves and melancholy Nights,
 A croaking Raven was his *Philomel*,
 His myrtle Grove was chang'd into a Cell
 For Ruin made; where no propitious Star
 Ev'r shone since Time began a Calendar.
 There wakeful Sorrow fill'd his mournful Breast
 When Nature's self was hush and gone to Rest.
 Nothing he heard thro' all the lonely Night
 But tuneless Screaming of the Midnight Flight:
 Nothing he saw but Phantoms of the Air
 Dress'd each in various Shadows of Despair;
 Till one great Day a Youth there did appear
 As *Venus* lovely, as *Adonis* fair,
 With radiant Mein, which spoke him (from above)
Apollo's Darling, or a Son of *Jove*:

And thus began,

Dejected Man no more in Desarts live,
 They can no real Satisfaction give:

To live forsaken and depart unknown

Was nev'r a Maxim of *Apollo's* Son.

Erect thy drooping Head and gladly rise

To tune thy Soul with sprightly Faculties?

Let HANMER be thy Theme, he can inspire

A dying Poet with a genial Fire.

This spoke his Woes dissolv'd in Streams of Joy

Till they produc'd profusive Extasie.

Unusual Pleasures mov'd upon his Tongue,

And born above Misfortunes thus he sung!

If *Ancient Poets* made illustrious *Jove*

And rank'd him foremost of the Gods above,

For some feign'd Acts of Generosity ;

Great HANMER what does *BRITAIN* owe to thee?

If they to make succeeding Virtue shine

Joyn'd each Professor to th'immortal Line ;

Translated some to Stars, and some to Gods,

And gave 'em Heaven for their bright abodes ;

If Virtues singly plac'd had this Regard,

And one ascendant gain'd this great Reward ;

Since

Since rob'd of th' Ancient Hospitality
 What shall the *British* *Muses* do for thee,
 Whose Soul is deck'd with all the Good desire,
 Where ev'ry Virtue has her proper Fire,
 And all in Harmony and Concord move
 Like Mysterics of Nature interwove?
 For all that *Rome*, or *Greece* her Genius said
 To save their *Heroes* blending with the dead
 In thee concentr'd better are display'd.

CÆSAR and his *Mecenas* still survive
 Whilst Sacred ANNE and loyal HANMER live.
 But Oh when I with steady Pleasure view
 What to the Parr'ot from his Country's due
 My vanquish'd Muse forecees the way to err
 Is to attempt a rival Character!
 In vain she summons the Renown of all
 That made *Rome* great and fill'd her Capitol:
Valerius, *Cato*, *Brutus* nev'r possess'd
 A Country's Care like that which fills thy Breast;

Void

Void of sinister Ends thou pleads her Cause
And unrewarded rectifys her Laws.

WHEN such a Godlike Man as this I view
I'm dazzl'd with the Glories I pursue;
As oft defeated as the Muse essays
And cannot tune the Lyre to reach thy Praise;
For when the Muse would all her Wishes crown
Excess of Merit bears Description down :
Just so the cheerful Lark when Day's begun
Pleas'd with the rising Glories of the Sun,
Approaches nearer with aspiring Wings,
And as he scales th'athereal World he sings
Till perfect Brightness circles round his Eyes,
And then he tumbles headlong thro' the Skie.

GREAT PATRIOT! thy meritorious Fame
Beyond the Muse shall signalize thy Name;
The best of Numbers have a certain Date,
And monumental Columns stoop to Fate;
But Virtue, blooming Virtue never dies!
Hence shall great HANMER'S Monument arise;
Whoever

Whoever would a brave Example be
Of Virtue in the vast Futurity,
Before he's perfect he must study thee.

HANNAH's SONG paraphras'd from the *Second*
Chapter of the first Book of SAMUEL.

WHEN I my Thoughts on GOD employ
My Heart which droop'd exults with Joy,
No stand'ring Tongue shall wound my Fame
Virtue and Faith preserve my Name.

IN Triumph I can them retort
Who made my adverse Days their Sport :
Because that my Salvation's nigh
Glad Songs shall raise my Soul on High.

GOD is immensely pure ; but we
Ha'n't superficial Sanctity ;
The firmest Rock, the strongest Guard
Are feeble when with God compar'd.

VAUNT not your selves in lofty Strain
Your Tongues from Arrogance refrain:

In God alone true Knowledge dwells
He knows who most in Deeds excels.

THE mighty Men who bent their Bows
Successfully against their Foes,
At GOD's Command their Arms soon are
Made feeble and unfit for War.

THE weak who sunk beneath their Hand
Triumphantly shall Victors stand:
They who luxurious Tables fed
Shall bow their Knees to get their Bread.

THEY who for Children mourn'd shall have
Their Wishes so superlative
That sev'n the sterile Womb shall bear,
Whilst the known fertile feeble are.

AT GOD's Command the healthful die,
And the diseas'd full Strength enjoy:
To the dark Cave of Death we run,
And when HE calls to Life return.

RICHES and Poverty descend
 As GOD thinks fit to take, or lend:
 Whom he thinks fit he tumbles down.
 And gives to whom he will Renown.

THE poor from mean Obscurity
 He raises up, and sets him high;
 The Begger from the Dunghil comes
 To sit on Thrones with Princes' Sons.

GLORY's inherent to the mean,
 Not to the haughty Sons of Men:
 GOD made the north and southern Poles,
 And the World round the Space he rolls.

HIS mighty Hand supplys the Wants
 And guides the Feet of all his Saints;
 Whilst they who did his Pow'r defy
 In Darkness, and Oblivion lie.

THAT Man shall surely be destroy'd
 Who does in his own Strength confide:

He that disdains to fear my GOD
 Shall burst asunder at his Nod.

THUNDER from Heav'n shall strike him dead
 And forked Lightning wound his Head.
 Centre and both Extremes of Earth
 Shall pass his Judgment after Death.

HE whom the LORD invests with Pow'r
 Shall his own Enemies devour;
 Beyond the Reach of Time his Fame
 Shall be exalted with HIS NAME.

Hymn for *ASCENSION DAY* made for (and
 sung by) the Charity Children of *St. Martins* in
 the Fields.

GLORIOUS *ASCENSION*! Happy Day!

What wellcome Joys does thou display?

JESUS who dy'd to set us free

Has gain'd the long'd for Victory!

HAS conquer'd Death, and Hell, and all

That tended to complet our Fall:

Triumphantly

Triumphantly did he ascend

Where Joys and Glory know no End!

WHAT Man can see and know all this

Yet still go on to do amiss?

Who would a darling Sin retain

To purchase everlasting Pain?

WE (once forlorn) by GOD are fed,

'Tis he that gives us daily Bread;

'Tis he that has such Gifts in Store

Angels themselves can ask no more!

Chorus.

Thus warn'd condemn the Joys on Earth;

The sweetest always end in Death:

But fly my longing Soul above!

There's endless Pleasure! boundless Love!

ANOTHER for the same.

INSPIR'D by thy ALMIGHTY Pow'r

The bountiful apply

G

Their

Their early aid to all our Wants,

And all our Fears destroy.

THEN whom but GOD shall we adore?

Whose Praises shall we sing

But his whose Providence secures

Us ev'ry needful Thing ?

NOT to our worldly Wants alone

Does he his Care extend,

For he has nobler Gifts in Store

Ev'n Joys which never end.

THOSE seal'd by our REDEEMER'S BLOOD

On easy Terms are held ;

The inborn Guilt of all our Sins

His Merits have expell'd.

CHORUS.

Since the celestial Way's prepar'd

What Business have we here ?

In pious Joys let's mount the Skies

And joyn the heav'nly Choir.

SONGS.

On the *PEACE*.

MUSICK shew your utmost Art,
Magisterial Notes display;

Choiceſt Singers ſet apart,

Form 'em Words to grace the Day.

SACRED ANNA Peace imparts,

In whoſe Breaſt all Virtues reign;

On her Altars throw your Hearts,

Give her *Peace* for *Peace* again.

1 *ANOTHER on the ſame.*

HARK! *Apollo* ſtrikes the Lyre,

The *Muſes* tune their ſkilful Voices;

ANNA's Praises fill their Choir,

And this inferior World rejoices.

BLESSED ANNA, QUEEN of Peace!

By Virtue form'd for Imitation

Time ſhall thy juſt Praise increaſe

Whilst *BRITAIN* boatts herſelf a Nation.

The compleat BEAUTY.

DAPHNE has a peculiar Grace,
 Still something in her which inspires;
 Still something new adorns her Face
 To give a Life to fresh Desires.

WANT you a bright, or languid Eye
 View *Daphne*, there you'll find the same;
 Would you the Coral dignify
 From *Daphne's* Lips invent a Name.

THE Down of Swans, Fleeces of Snow
 When you with *Daphne's* Skin compare,
 Do but a lifeless Whiteness shew,
 Fall short, as Ictt does from her Hair.

HER lovely Breast, her Neck, her Arms
 Smoother than polish'd Marble are;
 Each Feature has a thousand Charms,
 She's all in her that's in the Fair.

But

BUT when her beauteous Mind you write,
 When you her pious Soul assail;
 Invoke an *Angel* to indite
 For mortal Skill will surely fail.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

WHEN first I saw fair *Delia's* Eyes
 What conqu'ring Transports did I meet;
 How did the God of Love surprize
 And humbly cast me at her Feet?

SHE heard me sigh, and saw me pant,
 And with angelick Mein and Air
 Anticipated my Complaint;
 And said, my *Strepson* nev'r despair,

RAVISH'D at such a kind Reply,
 I claps'd my *Delia* in my Arms:
 The Day was fix'd to seal my Joy
 And give Possession of her Charms,

WHEN from my Charmer I with drew
 Strange Resolutions fill'd my Brain;
 To try if she (as fair) was true
 I would from her a Month refrain.

ENRAG'D at my unjust Neglect,
 And with the Dread of Slight alarm'd,
 She chang'd her Love to Disrespect
 And all my longing Hopes disarm'd.

CLOTTON the lucky Minute saw
 And press'd his eager Passion to her;
 He made her his by Marriage Law
 So I can neither wed, nor wooe her;

An answer to *CHARMING PHILLIS*.

I NEED not ask false Deceiver
 Why you meet me here alone;
 Lately you was one's Misleader,
 And your Crimes to me are known.

And &c.

Sylvia

SYLVIA in her Bloom of Beauty

You did treach'rously betray ;

And regardless of your Duty

Ruin'd her and ran away.

Ruin'd &c.

THE Sun nev'r forsakes these Daisies

But does kindly come again ;

And their drooping Heads he raises,

Which the Clouds supply with Rain.

Which &c.

WHILST that you (ungrateful Creature!)

For the Height of Kindness shewn

Spurn against the Laws of Nature

And the ruin'd Fair disown.

And &c.

ALL your artifice and Cunning

You unseasonably apply ;

When new Conquests you'd be winning

May our Sex be ever coy.

May &c.

MAY your Guilt always perplex you!

No Retirement give you Rest!

Ev'ry Thing conspire to vex you

Till the injur'd FAIR'S redress'd!

Till &c.

LOVE and MATRIMONY.

THE greatest Pleasures Earth can give
Are such as we from Love receive:

Be busy then; your Time improve;

Wed, and teach others how to love.

TH'UNSKILFUL say that Love's a Snare
To draw us in to double Care;

But I say Love's the End of Strife;

And Marriage is the only Life.

A PROLOGUE for Stephen Butcher spoken with a
WHEELBARROW.

BELLADS from Stools, and Penitents from Carts
Have oft made merry Mouths, and aking Hearts:

The

The first have mov'd a more successful Joy
 Than we can by a finish'd Comedy:
 Nor can the labour'd Groans of Tragick verse
 Excite an Audience like a Tyburn-Hearse.
 No wooden Thing in this unthinking Age
 But yields a better Living than the Stage:
 So Friends I thought it good before we part
 To make my Entrance with a one-wheel'd Cart.
 How this Device will take I cannot tell;
 But Costermongers know it has done well.

I'VE known a spotted Horse amuse a Crowd,
 And whilst the People gaz'd and laugh'd aloud
 The Fool that rid him fill'd a spacious Purse;
 And all he did for't, made a sick Man worse.
Rat-Catchers, Vermin-Killers have been seen
 With Silver Outfides when they'd Gold within,
Oatmeal and Salt set a *Worm-Doctor* up;
 And often fill him an ov'rflowing Cup.

While

Whilst *Stephen* by the Stage despairs to thrive;

Stephen still by the Ladies hopes to live,

Fair ones! What say you?

Shall I store this with Fruits of sundry Sorts,

Tie on an Apron, cry'em thro' your Courts?

Nect'rines my Ladies, fine delicious Berries,

Choice Golden Pippins, Damsons, Nuts and Cherry's

SHALL I do this? or still upon the Stage

Wait your Commands, and your kind Smiles engage?

Oh! could I gain that Point to Night, and so To Morrow.

With Thanks I'd drink your Healths, and burn my Barrow.

ANOTHER *for his DAUGHTER when very Young.*

LADIES it wounds me when I'm forc'd to tell.

That we this Night must bid you farewell:

'Tis Pity we should part so very soon;

The Sun was never known to set at Noon:

But so it is They say we must be gone

And I'm not big enough to live alone.

When

When we remove may you propitious be,
 Strive to unite and study to agree ;
 Marry and bear such prating Girls as me;

On SNUFF.

INSPIRING Dust ! my *Muse* requires no Wine
 To make thy celebrated Virtues shine:

From *Royal Noses*, to the *thoughtless Clown*

Thy Charming useful Fragrancy is known.

Aided by thee the *Politician* steers

Thro' doubtful Labyrinths of Hopes and Fears ;

And many a dronish *Lawyer* gains a Fee

By Eloquence he first deriv'd from thee.

Much more the *Fop*, the *Coxcomb* and *Ass*

To thee own all the Fooleries they pats ;

Didst thou not fiddle to their apish Airs

I'd rather see a Leash of dancing Bears

Thro' all the various Turns of Gallantry

Tell me who is a better Pimp than thee?

When

When Friends and Confidants and Letters fail
 How oft does thy successful Pow'r prevail?
 A BALL, a PLAY, or some such Merriment
 Does first the Lover's wish'd for Scene present:
Madam a Pinch of mine begins the Chat
 Which ends in Conquests, and the Lord knows what,
 But *Snuff* (essential *Snuff*!) for this Offence
 Has trebly made the LADIES Recompence:
 Ev'r *Snuff* was found their Love had no Disguise;
 Each Feature was as treach'rous as their Eyes;
 Meer, untaught Nature Passion did impart,
 And mourn'd for this Embellishment of Art:
 But *Snuff* can stop a Sigh, or veil a Pain,
 Or bring a Blush to Countenance again:
 Discreetly thus it arms the fair one's Love
 And gently blends the Serpent with the Dove.

THOSE Wretches who at great Mens *Levees* wait
 For what they call Preferment (wanting Meat)
 Feeding on fruitless Smiles and Poverty;
 Are yet successful when they sue for thee.

An *Extempore* on a little Horse, who afterwards won
several Races.

SEV'RAL good Qualitys do joyn

This little pretty Horse of mine ;

He has a Soul (altho' a mortal one)

That to his Credit serves his Turn,

'Twixt him and greater Diff'rence' this

Mine yields you more Conveniences ;

He eats less Meat, and takes less Room,

And any Boy may be his Groom ;

For Corn he 'as Hay, and Straw for common Food

And yet perhaps in Nature is as good

As the tall Racer in his pamper'd Blood.

A Motto for a TOBACCO BOX.

COMPARE your Body to your Pipe of Clay ;

Your Breath unto the Smoke that flies away ;

Both outward Forms are brittle frail and fair,

And Life as well as Smoke expires in Air,

Engraved

Engrav'd on the Inside the Lid of a SNUFF BOX

FOR BEAR your Blushes lovely Maid
 To see your Innocence betray'd ;
 No Female Fingers enter this
 But forfeit to my Vow a Kiss :
 And when my *Celia's* Hand's my Guest
 A Million's in my Vow express'd.

*SVSAN'S COMPLAINT in an Ague-Fit to her
 unkind BEN who had forsaken both her and his Country.*

Written by a FRIEND.

DEAR Ben ! have you not seen on Aspen Trees
 How trembling Leaves move in a gentle Breeze ?
 Or Spinnet Jacks when shak'd turn up and down
 By th'skilful Artift when he plays his Tune ?
 So does my Body move ; each Joint's a Key,
 And moves as fast as tremblingly as they,
 Oh Ben ! I burn ! I sweat ! I rave ! I pant !
 Some tell me this, some tell me that I want :

Some

Some say the *bitter Draught* I must infuse ;

Some tell me that the *Cortex* I must use :

But I despise that foreign *Indian Tree*,

Thy clasping Arms my only *Bark* shall be.

WOULD my propitious Stars but once again

Vouchsafe the happy Sight of my dear *Ben* ;

I'd flight their *Physick*, and I'd scorn their *Charms*,

And throw my self into his healing Arms !

To the MEMORY of a very YOUNG LADY
remarkable for Virtue, Wit and Beauty.

SUBLIMER Strains of Elegy begin

Than Woe, or Sorrow ever usher'd in:

Say (oh my *Muse*!) what bright seraphick Fire

So early did *FELICIA*'s Soul inspire

That did in Infancy it self display

Not in weak Lights, but in a Blaze of Day?

Say did not each observing vulgar Eye

In her surprizing Piety descry

That

That Heav'n at first design'd her to be here
 A faithful, but a short Probationer,
 And soon to joyn the blest, the heav'nly Choir?

V I E W her in all her spotless Innocence,
 Her ready Soul prun'd to depart from hence
 Takes Wing; her *Guardian* does her safe convey
 (See how they swiftly cut th'etherial Way)
 To everlasting Joy! to everlasting Day!

O H see how like an Angel she ascends
 Heav'n's Margin! whilst her Tutelar attends,
 And thus her Wellcome gives.

My lovely Saint! *Virtue's Epitome!*

A dear and pleasant Charge thou'st been to me:
 Thy Soul's Delight was *Truth* and *Innocence*,
 To Vice inflexible, to Good propense.

Like thee I'm pleas'd! like thee I feel Delight
 To see thee circl'd in eternal Light!

Thou'st quit th'abode of Sorrow, Guilt and Pain
 In Realms of Bliss for ever to remain.

Unusual Joy thro' thy angelick Form

It self diffuses : Now thou'st past the Storm

With Negligence the giddy Ball survey ;

Reflect on all it's idle Pageantry.

Pains that once rack'd thee, Death that once did fright,

Are now transform'd to exquisite Delight :

By none on Earth can comprehended be

What's by thy SAVIOUR'S Merit seal'd to thee,

THIS spoke Superior Angels from on High

Flew down to her to testify their Joy.

There was round her celestial Coronet

No Cross no Crown, in Diamond Letters set ;

With which an *Angel* did her Temples grace

Whilst one fix'd in her Hand the *Palm of Peace*.

THUS like an *Angel* heav'nly wise array'd

With Joy to meet her LORD she next assay'd.

Melodious Harmony of heav'nly Sound

Eccho'd thro' all the spacious Arch around :

Angels of the superlative Degree

Did to the *Heav'n of Heav'ns* the Saint convey,
To kneel before the Throne her fix'd abode,
And there sing Praises to the LAMB OF GOD;
And there replete with beatifick Joy
Both *Saints* and *Angels* bear her Company.

EXCEPT that Reason must resign her Throne,
And the bewilder'd Senses reign alone,
'Tis in this Light we only should survey
A *Saint* above the Reach of Misery.

This granted does it in the least agree
To mourn for any Friend's Felicity?
If we must grieve, and Tears will have their Courses,
Let us derive them from their proper Source:
Let us in solemn Sorrow mourn, that we
Are not as well prepar'd to die as she.

To the LORD CARPENTER on his Arrival
in SCOTLAND.

BRITONS (mistaking Freedom) often claim
Much more than *MAGNA CHARTA* does contain;
So

So spurious *Poets* oft themselves deceive
 And go beyond their own Prerogative :
 Contend with Characters above their Sphere
 When they can scarcely please the Vulgar Ear :
 The same's my Errour, and so hard's my Fate
 I must be rude, or not congratulate.
 'Tis not the Great alone with Joy abound
 When Merit with a just Reward is crown'd ;
 No less the meaner Sort are pleas'd to see
 The Brave and virtuous in Prosperity.
 Number'd with these, most humbly I address,
 Like them sincere to wish you Happiness ;
 To wellcome you to what you do succeed
 From sovereign *Thames* to solitary *Tweed*.

THRO' all Vicissitudes you still maintain'd
 Your Honour pure, your Character unstain'd :
 Serenely wise in Council, or Debate,
 Brave in the Field, and trusty in the State.

Such Conduct challenges a *Court's* Regard ;

A *PRINCE's* Favour, and a *KING's* Reward.

Such great Examples faithfully should be

Transmitted to immense Eternity

That unborn Ages may them imitate,

Like you be brave and good, and then be great.

HAD each Commander had a Soul like YOU

When on *Almanza's* fatal Plains they drew,

The *Spaniards* would have had no Cause to boast

A Battle won, or we lament one lost :

High in the *BRITISH ANNALS* it had shone

A Twin to *Hocstet* ; nor by it out done.

But when thro' Treachery a Part retires,

And leaves the Hero rob'd of his Desires ;

Loath to retreat, thrice to attack the Foe

When scarcely but your self to give the Blow,

This was (examin'd with a steady View)

Superlatively brave and Godlike too ;

And

And Thousands that have led their Captives chain'd
 Nev'r gain'd the Honour you that Day obtain'd
 The *BRITISH CAVALRY* led on by *You*
 Shew'd *Spain's* superior Numbers would not do
 When they at *Alminar* and *Saragozza* drew.

SINCE Heav'n has doubly blest you in the Field,
 Aided your Conquests and has been your Shield:
 And other Blessings has vouchsaf'd to give
 Children that may this present Age survive:
 May mutual Strife each Day their Hearts inspire
 To emulate the Virtues of their Sire;
 Then will their Actions justly them prefer
 In the most celebrated School of War.
 Let my Sincerity my Verse excuse;
 And for the *Soldier's* Sake forgive the Muse.

*The Adventures of a wet Walk: with a Description of a
 Country Alehouse: In Hudibrastick Verse. Written in
 the Year 1710.*

AMBITION prompts some Men to wander
 This was the Case of *Alexander*:

For Gold some take the floating Hovel
 Which to his last did *Cloudsley Shovel* :
 In Quest of the formention'd Tempter
 A thousand diff'ring Ways Men venture :
 Some take the Road, and some an Alehouse,
 And some from *Newgate* to the *Gallows* :
 Whilst some who can't improve, will save what
 Their Predecessors so have got :
 To such Frugality is grateful
 As Waste, or Beggary is hateful :
 These thrifty Fools will walk whilst able
 So save cold Ir'n and Horse i'th' Stable.
 Thus Man diversity's and ranges
 As Object, Passion, Humour changes.
 Love was the main Spring of my Going
 When ten Toes carry'd me a wooing.
 For having oft bad Luck by Riding
 I'd try what could be done by Striding.

To render Courtship more pathetick
 I strait commenc'd *Paripatetick* :
 But as I walk'd and fram'd my Speeches
 Rain wash'd my Coat, nor scap'd my Breeches.
 I look'd like some amphibious Creature ;
 Or like my Road, half Land, half Water ;
 My *Spanish Strut* and gentle Paces
 Were chang'd to that of running Races :
 Nev'r Foe defeated made such Haste
 I either ran, or swam so fast :
 Until I met with kind Reception
 From what was once my grand Aversion ;
 I pop'd my Head into an Alehouse
 For th' Sign of th' Birch Tree very famous ;
 With Shoes well soak'd and wet to th' Skin
 I said by'r Leave, and enter'd in :
 My Landlord look'd as in a Dump,
 First paus'd, and then pull'd out his Stump ;
 Sending a smoth'ring Puff to meet me
 Ev'r he did with this Welcome greet me.

I S A W this Morning by th' Sun's lowring
That Travellers would get a Scouring:

For your Part you've your Death about you,
Unless you'll let me strait unclout you.

Wife! Stir you! here's a weighty Matter,
A Man made up of Dirt and Water;

Whilst I uncase him to his Skin

Bring down dry Cloaths to lap him in,

This Shirt nev'r cover'd Scab, nor Vermin;

Fear not but boldly put your Arm in:

These Lathern Breeches are but greasy;

But yet you'll find'em warm, and easy;

They're lin'd with soft and wholesome Flannen

But yours are wet as Sink, or Channel:

Here's Cloth for facing Wind and Weather!

Feel it, it handles like bend Leather:

Yours has not Wool to screen a Louse in

Therefore fit only to keep House in.

For

For once my Friend put your cold Toe
Into an English wooden Shoe.

THO' first he doctor'd my Exteriors,
Thinking my Guts not their Inferiors,

He generously made a Proffer

Of Bread froth' Cupboard, Cheese froth' Coffers:

Nay swore I should not be deny'd

If I would have a Collop fry'd.

I answer'd he'd my Taste mistaken

And tho' no Jew, I lov'd no Bacon;

But that I could by Bread and Cheese,

My present Hunger soon appease:

The which as soon as I fell on

My Landlord pour'd a Bumper down;

By which I found Opposites met,

That he was dry, as I was wet:

But that I might his Love requite

As he drank hard, so did I bite

Until

Until I'd cur'd the greedy Worm ;
 And then I pledg'd him in my Turn :
 But not to shew my self a Niggard
 I instantly regal'd his Gizzard
 With a round Dozen of his best,
 On which he call'd me welcome Guest.

ALE next to Gold cements Alliance,
 And to dry Meetings bids Defiance.
 Had my Host reign'd from a meer Stranger
 He'd constituted me *Chief-Ranger* :
 And this is true by Man, or Mouse told
 He made me *Steward of his Household* ;
 And put the Keys in my Possession
 With out once asking me a Question :
 For why it must be understood
 He often bak'd as well as brew'd ;
 And these hard Times (if you'll speak true)
 Two Strings to th' Bow are few enough.
 So whilst he went to mind his baking
 I fell of Inventory taking :

And

And first of all being bookish given

I did his Library examine;

A Catalogue of which; *Imprimis*

An unbound Bible wanting *Finis*.

A Pray'r Book in a sad Condition

For want of some good Church Physician:

It's Case I doubt was nev'r inspected

Since Oliver KING CHARLES dissected.

* *Twelve Points* (but now rip't in the Stiches)

To tie up a Believer's Breeches.

* *Safe Hipping-Stones* for Christians halting.

A Paper Book without a Fault in.

Next Bunyan in his Progress sleeping,

Then England for QUEEN MARY weeping.

A choice Chronology in full

When all his Cows had taken Bull.

* During the Time of Oliver's Usurpation there was published two Books under the ridiculous Titles of *Twelve Points to tie up a Believer's Breeches. And Safehipping Stones for halting Christians*

An Almanack in red Sheep's Leather

Prognosticating better Weather.

THIS *Catalogue* being well-inspected,
 My Eye next to the Wall directed;
 Where ANNA was on Horse's Back;
 And *Marlborough* making his Attack
Slouch had his Hand up th' *Milkmaid's Cloaths*
 Just where the Dev'l f--- *Furbeloes*
 A Cage like Tunnel Net hard by
 Call'd waggish *Cupid's* old Decoy.
My Lady's Fall. Bold *Robin Hood.*
John Armstrong. And the *Babes i'th' Wood.*

WHEN thus amus'd to my Surprise
 My Landlord came with flaming Eyes;
 Stew'd in his Ale, broil'd in his Grease,
 With Sweat fast running down his Face.
 You're looking on my Goods says he
 Pray what d'you think the Price may be,
 I answer'd him I could not tell,
 But guess'd 'em worth a Shilling well.

Replys

Replys he, if I may be seen
 I gave but Sixpence for fourteen ;
 Which in good Faith to speak the Truth
 Set off a House ev'n well enough ;
 But in another Room I have
 Six Pictures which my Landlord gave
 Unto my Daughter Years ago,
 Which make not half so fine a Show ;
 They 've not such pretty Colours on
 But all in black and white are done :
 I heard by th' by they came from *France* ;
 More to our Shame we should advance
French Fashions unto such a Rate
 That body'd Gowns are out of Date.
 Will you believe me, for it's Truth,
 That Mother Day I sent our *Ruth*
 With a fat Turkey to my *Lady*,
 Which she receiv'd as kind as may be ;
 Made much of her ; bid her sit down ;
 Gave her a Petticoat and Gown,

With

With ev'ry other nice Decorum
Women now wear behind and 'fore 'em.
This News she brought to me on Monday,
And said she would be fine on Sunday.
But it surpass'd even my Forbearance
To see her make her first appearance.
Oh save me! such a Figure never
Was seen in any Sort of Weather!
Says I with Haste disrobe your Members,
Or I'll reduce those Rags to Embers;
And dress you in you your Linsey Woolsey,
You tawdry Butterflie! you Hufsey!
The Head-Dress you must understand
Had not Cloth in't to make a Band:
The Lace indeed not being so bad
Made Ruffles for a new born Lad.
With Shoes you could not walk on Greet
But it would hurt, or cut Your Feet;

In Troth a Paper Upper Leather,
 And Pafteboard Sole in any Weather
 Would make as good or better Shoe
 Than they were when they firft were new.
 But tho' this Tale has fo perplex'd me
 Thefe Pictures next come in to vex me :
 There's one amongft'em that I thought
 To have fome learned Man about :
 Faith Sir I once hear'd whifp'ring Tales
 That one of them's the *Prince of Wales* ;
 And fould it prove fo (I'm no Starter)
 He here fhall have no longer Quarter.
 SAYS I the Picture's his I know,
 But what Harm can a Picture do ?
 Inftance your Picture of the Devil,
 And yet for ought I fee he's civil.
 That's no Excufe (CRY'D HE) I'll ftand to't,
 With that he put his manful Hand to't,

[Feircer than any *Roman Licſor*]

He left a Frame without a Picture.

Then beg'd that we might ſit us down

To drink her Health who wears the Crown.

He pray'd that Heav'n would ſafe protect her,

And vouch'd nev'r better ſway'd a Sceptre.

I ſaid Amen well pleas'd to ſee

Such real ſimple Loyalty;

And pledg'd the Health with all my Heart

My *Landlord* ſinging, loath to part:

But finding all my Cloaths were dry

I ſhifted, paid, and bid Good b'y':

And when I'd caſt up Coſts and Gains

I'd ſmall Amends for all my Pains,



SOCKS and BUSKINS:

Or

LOW LIFE and HIGH LIFE:

A Dialogue.

In Praise of the

VIRTUOUS ALMIRA:

BETTY LUCK.

LUCK! poor Damon told us wondrous Things

When I design'd ALMIRA Offerings

Cull'd from the choicest Fruits I hope to reap

Ev'r the next Harvest well her Plenty speak,

That he'd a *Muse* most strangely would inspire

Both you and me to speak our Hearts Desire.

When *Bumpkin* woos, I'm pleas'd to hear him own

That I'm a *Schollard*; it becomes the Clown.

I taught him F for *Philip* G for *James*,

And thus run ov'r at least an hundred Names:

But *Zlidikins* dear *Lucy* I agree
 I'm a poor Scholar, when compar'd to thee.
 My Bosom Thoughts to you I dare reveal,
 Trusting you will my Ignorance conceal:
 For what he meant by *Muse* I must confess
 I cannot fathom, neither dare I guess;
 Yet on his Modesty I'd fain rely
 It has no smutty Meaning, by the Bye.
 I fancy 'tis some Liquor sure like Wine,
 Or Brandy that must make us talk so fine;
 Or else some unaccountable strong Waters
 To set our Tongues agog for cutting Capers.

LUCY.

IN thy Simplicity express thy Mind
 In vulgar Thoughts, to narrow Views confin'd;
 Whilst I unlimited in lofty Verse
 Extend my Thoughts beyond the Universe:
 With noble Justice sing *ALMIRA*'s Fame
 And to the World *HER* virtuous Acts proclaim;
Display

Display the Graces of that heav'nly Mind
 Which in it's first Creation was design'd
 Our Sex's Honour; our Example too
 Great Faults, and little Follies to subdue.
 My ravish'd Heart glows with celestial Fire,
 And my own *Muse* does all my Thoughts inspire:
 I scorn the grov'ling Turns of *Damon's Muse*,
 I'll soar above her Height, her Aid refuse!
 With rural sentiments indeed she may
 In humble *Pastoral* direct your way.

BETTY.

I FEEL strange Transports warming in my Breast,
 Tho' not like yours in lofty Language dress'd;
 They move and agitate my little Soul
 And surely *Damon's Muse* directs the whole.
 I'll quit my country Phrase, yet humbly sing
 ALMIRA all the Pleasures of the Spring:
 With Care I'll learn what walks and Paths SHE treads
 And strow 'em with the Flow'rs that deck the Meads.

I'll plant the Honey-suckle round *HER* Bow'rs
 With choice Variety of creeping Flow'rs:
 The Jessamin shall marry to the Rose,
 And all at once their fragrant sweets disclose;
 To please *HER* Eye and gratify *HER* Taste
 The fruitful Vine amidst 'em shall be plac'd.

L U C Y.

PURSUE your little Offices with Care,
 For what's well meant is pleasing to the FAIR:
 But know, altho' the *Spring* does now appear
Autumn and *Winter* stalk it in the Reer.
 Seasons like Time are in continual Change,
 And in repeated Fluxes always range.
 Not so, the Subject which I mean to sing;
 A L M I R A's Virtues are a lasting *Spring*.
 The glorious Beautys of that heav'nly Mind
 Are only to Eternity confin'd.
 The *Graces* fit Companions of the Gods
 Have chose *HER* Bosom, for their bless'd Abodes:

In peaceful Transport they delight to see
All done by One, so oft ascrib'd to Three.

Oh that my ardent wishes could inspire

Our Sex with Virtue and Seraphick Fire,

That all with great Success might emulate

Exalted Virtue in ALMIRA's State!

Then, then we could to discontented Men

Restore lamented Paradise again!

BETTI.

MEN say we lost 'em Paradise (GOD knows)

But sure I am we bear the greatest woes,

And no less sure, these busy Hands of mine

ALMIRA's wonted Walks shall so refine

That as SHE has an Eden in HER Breast,

No hurtful Beast HER Garden shall molest.

At Noon-day's sun I'll search the rising Ground,

A Time when Snakes and Adders best are found;

With stealing Steps and penetrating Eye

I quickly can his speckl'd Skin espy;

With pliant switches then I'll kill the Snake
 And stop his forward Rowlings tow'rds the Brake ;
 I'll find the Cranny where his Brood were bred,
 And soon with flaming Brimstone strike 'em dead ;
 The Dam to gether with her Young shall die
 And hiss their last, as in the Flames they fry :
 For why should they or theirs *HER* once affright
 Who gives to ev'ry virtuous Soul Delight.
 When Evening Rains entice the sprawling Toads
 To quit their Dens, and steal along the Roads,
 I'll stop their Motions wheresoev'r they're found
 And with my Prong I'll pin 'em to the Ground.
 At Peep of Day I'll rise to watch the wall,
 And in their Journey stop the Snails that crawl :
 Why should their House to them Protection be
 Who steal *ALMIRA's* Fruit from any Tree ?
 The crafty Moles, who work all under Ground
 Secure shall in my craftier Traps be found.

For why should they (ill-manner'd naughty Things)
Root up the Flow'r which for ALMIRA springs?

LUCY.

BUT these are Trifles to an heav'nly Mind,
And to exterior Objects stand confin'd.

To view ALMIRA is a lovely scene ;

But Oh ! What Mines of virtue lodge within ?

Envy grows pale and silent at HER Name,

Nor can Detraction wound unblemish'd Fame.

Who can like HER their Passions so controul

That Reason always shall direct the whole ;

Preserve a constant Steadiness of Soul ?

HER Actions center in the golden Mean

They're always good, but never are extreme :

SHE's the Epitome, and Pattern too

Of all the Gods take Pleasure in below.

HER virtuous Actions are habitual grown,

And all that's worthy Praise SHE makes HER own ;

HER Words and Deeds harmoniously agree
 And stand confin'd to Truth and Decency:
 They're neither negligent, nor loose, nor strain'd;
 But link'd by Prudence, by Discretion chain'd:
 The Good SHE does, does not from Passion flow,
 HER Understanding tells HER what to do,
 And what's HER Duty, is HER Pleasure too.
 Tho' Honour's reckon'd Virtue's just Reward,
 To which HER Birth-right had a kind Regard,
 (When Providence all seeing, wise, Divine
 Thought fit to bring HER from th' Equestrian Line)
 Yet gratefully SHE always condescends
 To speak kind Language to HER poorest Friends:
 When SHE stoops low not only SHE maintains
 HER just Respect and Honour, but SHE gains
 HER Suppliants Pray'rs and ov'r all Hearts SHE reigns.
 So Angels to the Patriarchs appear'd
 Unknown before, but ever since rever'd.

BETTY.

(81)
BETTY.

OH *Lucy* could I think and speak like you
I would *HER* lovely Character pursue !

But by my Actions I can only tell

I honour, and I love *ALMIRA* well.

I'll cut the Briars that creep upon the Ground,
No pointed Thorn shall in *HER* Walks be found,
Left unawares *HER* Arm, or Breast it wound.

No Birds but what are truly musical

Shall breed, or perch, or shelter near *HER* Hall:

To shoot 'em, I'll bribe *Bumpkin* with a Kiss ;

And *Lucy*, *Where's the Harm of doing this ?*

Beneath a woodbine Tree I flily found

A nest of Nightingales upon the Ground ;

I'll nurse 'em all till they can sweetly sing

And then with speed my pretty Present bring,

I'll make a Cheese from dainty Curds of Cream

And dice with Sage and Marigolds *HER* NAME.

LUCY

LUCK.

WHAT's innocent, in Course must always please ;
 But Oh SHE merits better Things than these !
 Such is HER Merit, that the more you pry
 The more of Goodness rises to your Eye.
 SHE dares be friendly, and SHE dares be free
 For where no Ill is, you no Ill can see.
 Fine is HER Body ! Finish'd is HER Mind !
 Yet SHE's the most insensible they're join'd !
 But hark ! We're call'd, and know we must obey
 So void of Ceremony lead the way.

*The Unfortunate. A Pastoral Dialogue : Presented to
 The Right Honourable GEORGE LORD
 MALPAS and HIS LADY ;*

MENALCAS. CORYDON.

FULL oft Oh Corydon I've mourn'd thy State !
 The in auspicious Stars that rule thy Fate ;
 Thro' all thy various Scenes of Misery
 I've born a Part, and sympathiz'd with thee.

Could

Could I by Verse thy Maladies subdue,
 Exchange old Woes for real Joys in View;
 I'd tune my willing Pipe to such a strain
 That it should bring thy infant Peace again.
 But thou art too indulgent to thy Woes,
 With Care thou shuns, when thou should'st court Repose.
 As bathing *Nymphs* chuse unfrequented Waves,
 No less assiduous thou the loneliest Caves.
 Thou shun'st the Converse of the cheerful Plain,
 The rural, jocund Pastimes of the Swain
 Which would thy Mind divert, tho'void of Pow'r
 To be an absolute, effectual Cure.
 Sometimes thou might'st the tedious Hours beguile
 With thy own Reed, and thy Poetick Style:
 And both I've often known perform'd by thee
 To no inglorious Pitch of Harmony.

CORYDON

MY dear *Menalcas* knows as well as I
 That Minds at Ease are best for Poetry:
 Sorrow

Sorrow retards the willing Muse's Flight ;
 Disorder'd Minds at best confus'dly write ;
 They sadly err, who say our Thoughts are free,
 And subject to our Wills, with them agree ;
 Eternal Vassalage they're doom'd to pay
 To our wild Passions, as they change obey ;
 Reason's in Bondage too as well as they. }
 Or else long since I would have run'd my Voice,
 To pleasing Numbers ; and with all rejoyce
 At NOBLE STREPHON HIS belov'd Retreat
 From State, and Business to his *Country-Seat*.
 With Skill, I would have cull'd the choicest Flow'rs
 That humbly grow near Earth, or climb the Bow'rs ;
 I'd weav'd a Garland for HIS SYLVIA meet
 And humbly laid it blooming at HER Feet :
 To THEM I'd paid my tributary Verse,
 Such as a Tongue inspir'd might well rehearse.

MENALCAS.

THAT Task be mine ; And since thy drooping muse
 Does rather melancholy Subjects chuse,

Be't

Be't thine to represent how we shall mourn
 When *THEY* again shall to the Court return
 Blest are the peaceful Shades and lovely Plains
 Where *STREPHON's* Wit, and *SYLVIA's* Beauty reigns.
 The Summer smil'd to bid'em wellcome here,
THEIR Garden like an *Eden* did appear :
 The Flow'rs were in their native Colours dress'd,
 Each strove in Beauty to out-vie the rest ;
 Exhilarating sweets the Air perfum'd
 And all of vegetable Nature bloom'd.
 The Lambs in pretty Bounds and skipping Play
 Express'd their Sense of the approaching Day,
 The winged Choristers in Consorts throng,
 And Nightingales fulfil the Evening Song:
 The little Brooks in smoother Currents flow
 And beat the Pebbles with a gentler Blow.
 •Twixt *Servants* and *Nymphs* there's nothing heard or seen
 But *Songs* and *Plays* and *Dancings* on the Green.
 Nor wonder like the Planet of the Day
STREPHON glads all, that mourn when *He's* away.
 Virtue

Virtue in all *HIS* Actions stands confels'd,
HE harbours no ill Nature in *HIS* Breast;
HIS Merits gain *HIM* general Esteem
And *HE's* a Darling 'mongst the Sons of Men:
HE's humbly great, because *HE's* nobly born,
And Condescencion all *HIS* Deeds adorn;
In all *HE* says, or does you may descry
A noble Tincture of Humanity.
Fearless the *Swain* dares tell his homely Tale
And gain Redress when other Methods fail.
But when *HIS NOBLE SYLVIA's* Praise I sing
The Woods shall dance, and all the Valleys ring:
Oh *SHE's* the chiefest Glory of the Plain
Lov'd by each *Nymph*! ador'd by ev'ry *Swain*!
The rural *Nymphs* in Transport and Amaze
With Pleasure on the lovely Charmer gaze:
Not the approach of their own nuptial Day
Can to their Virgin Minds more Joy convey;
Serene are all the Passions of *HER* Mind
Her Goodness as *HER* Soul is unconfin'd.

In such Simplicity *HER* Virtues shine
So void of Art, or prejudic'd Design
They're not of humane Extract, but Divine.

CORYDON.

AS humane Pleasures have uncertain Dates,
So present Bliss our future Woe creates;
For thro' Remembrance of our former Joys
With doubl'd Pain Distresses will arise.
The Day, the melancholy Day is near
When *THEY* again will to the *COURT* return:
The Flow'rs will droop, the cooing Turtles mourn;
And we be comfortless till *THEY* return:
Bleak Winds will bring the hoary Winter on,
The Clouds will swell, the Summer will be gone;
The Leaves will fall, the rising Brooks will flow
In Floods of Murmur, and in Streams of Woe.
The Earth will to a Wilderness return,
And silently her Loss of Beauty mourn:

The

The Herd will haunt the barren Plains no more,
But low for Shelter at the Farmer's Door:

The clamb'ring Goats will hasten from the Rocks
And join their hairy, to the woolly Flocks.

The Morning Larks will cease to mount the Skie
Forget their *Mattins*, under Covert lie;

And all the rest of the harmonious Train
Will droop in Silence and their Songs refrain.

The Fox will then have double Time to prey,
For long will be the Night, and short the Day.

All this, and more will be the Consequence

When ev'r the **NOBLE PAIR** depart from hence;

Excessive Sorrow too will be your share

Tho' now you're brisk and gay and *Debonair*.

FINIS



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